

**To Dig the Nicaraguan Canal.**  
The war with Spain has demonstrated the importance of a short route between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. By digging a canal a few miles long at the Isthmus of Panama, thousands of miles of travel can be saved. At the present time ships must go around South America. A short route is always an advantage. It saves time and money. The journey from sickness to health can be quickly made at moderate cost by taking Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. While its action in disorders like constipation, biliousness, indigestion, fever and ague and general weakness is quick, still it does not force a cure. It gives that assistance in carrying off the waste matter that nature occasionally needs. It makes the sick well.

**A Kind Heart.**  
Clerk—I have been in your employ now going on for five years, and I am getting the same salary as I started with.  
Employer—I know it, but every time that I've made up my mind to cut you down or discharge you, something has happened to me or your wife and little ones at home, and I couldn't do it. There my man, you see I have a heart after all.

**MAGICALLY EFFECTIVE TREATMENT FOR WEAK MEN OF ALL AGES**  
**FREE TO ALL MEN**  
No money advance. Wonderful medicine and scientific remedy sent on trial to any reliable man. A woman's reputation and back of this offer. Every obstacle to happy married life removed. Full strength, development and tone given to every portion of the body. Failure impossible; age no barrier. No C. O. D. scheme. **ERIE MEDICAL CO., 41 N. 10th St., Buffalo, N. Y.**

**The Historic Remark.**  
Let us on! cried the army impatiently. Still the word came not. The army chafed.  
But the commander was determined not to attack until he was fully prepared, and he had not yet thought up any epigram to utter in the seemingly certain event of victory.

**Had a Hand in It.**  
What do you know about war? arrogantly asked the curbstone statesman. You never took part in a battle.  
I had a hand in the affair at Santiago, replied with equal arrogance the factory owner, whose most trusted operative had volunteered and gone to the front.

**A CRITICAL TIME**  
**During the Battle of Santiago.**  
**SICK OR WELL, A RUSH NIGHT AND DAY.**

**The Packers at the Battle of Santiago de Cuba were all Heroes.**  
**Their Heroic Efforts in Getting Ammunitions and Rations to the Front Saved the Day.**

P. E. Butler, of pack-train No. 3, writing from Santiago de Cuba, on July 23, says: "We all had diarrhoea in more or less violent form, and when we landed we had no time to see a doctor, for it was a case of rush and rush night and day to keep the troops supplied with ammunition and rations, but thanks to Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, we were able to keep at work and keep our health; in fact, I sincerely believe that at one critical time this medicine was the indirect saviour of our army, for if the packers had been unable to work there would have been no way of getting supplies to the front. There were no roads that a wagon train could use. My comrade and myself had the good fortune to lay in a supply of this medicine for our pack-train before we left Tampa, and I know in four cases it absolutely saved life."  
The above letter was written to the manufacturers of this medicine, the Chamberlain Medicine Co., Des Moines, Iowa. For sale by A. C. Ireland.

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**ST. LAWRENCE RIVER**  
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**Club-houses on wheels.**

The buffet-smoking-library cars which go east on the Burlington's "Chicago Special" are veritable club-houses on wheels. The smoking-room is a brilliantly lighted apartment, beautifully carpeted, finished in oak, and furnished with easy chairs, settees, tables, and a writing-desk. Here you can lounge, read, write, gossip, smoke, or play cards. Under conditions like these, a 1000-mile railway ride is something to be looked forward to with pleasure.

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1039 17th St., Denver.

P. S.—If you go east via Omaha and the Burlington Route, you can stop off and see the Trans-Mississippi Exposition.

**An Example.**  
Hungry Higgins—I don't see how these proverb guys make it out that time is money.  
Weary Watkins—Just listen at you! As if you'd never heard the Judge make it so many dollars or so many days.

**The Ball Located.**

A splendid stroke! Did you follow the ball Caddie?  
No, m; but I think that gentleman with the red coat can tell where it struck. I see him feeling of his head.

**A WOMAN'S COMPLAINT.**

I know that deep within your heart You hold me shrined apart from common things And that my step, my voice, can bring to you A gladness that no other presence brings.

And yet, dear love, throughout the weary days You never speak one word of tenderness Nor stroke my hair nor softly clasp my hand Within your own in loving, mute caress.

You think perhaps I should be all content To know as well the loving place I hold Within your life, and yet you do not dream How much I long to hear the story told.

You cannot know, when we two sit alone And tranquil thoughts within your mind are stirred, My heart is crying like a tired child For one fond look, one gentle, loving word.

'Tis not the boundless waters ocean holds That give refreshment to the thirsty flowers, But just the drops that, rising to the skies, From thence descend in softly falling showers.

What matter that our granaries are filled With all the richest harvest's golden stores If we who own them cannot enter in, But, famished, stand below the close barred doors.

And so 'tis said that those who should be rich In that true love which crowns our earthly lot Go praying with white lips from day to day For love's sweet tokens and receive them not.

—Pearson's Weekly.

**LIEUTENANT CLOVER.**

The colonel seemed much disturbed. He walked to the window and gazed out at the empty parade. He walked to his desk, and Adjutant Caldwell Clover, who was signing orders, glanced out of the corner of his eye and saw that the colonel was pulling his mustache.

Then the colonel sat down and said rather sharply, "Are you busy, Clover?"  
It was not customary for the colonel to address the officers by their names in this way. He was supposed to address Adjutant Clover as lieutenant, and to say that the young man was surprised would be placing it mildly. Of course he didn't object. In fact, it pleased him to have the colonel speak to him familiarly, only it was so unexpected.

"I am not busy, colonel," said the adjutant.

"How old do you think I am, Olover?" asked the colonel.

"Why, I don't know, colonel," stammered the adjutant, "not any older than—than you ought to be."

The colonel was slicing a sheet of paper with the paper knife. "I want you to do something for me, Clover. I have come to depend on you so entirely for everything that I am going to put this personal matter in your hands. I want you to write a proposal of marriage to a young lady for me."

The colonel was much embarrassed. His face was red under the tan.

"A proposal of marriage!" echoed the adjutant.

"Yes. If any man had told me I was afraid of a woman, I would have laughed at him. I tried to speak to her about it last night at the hotel, and when she looked at me with those steady brown eyes of hers I couldn't say a word."

"Then it's Miss Lacey?" said the adjutant.

"It is Miss Lacey."

"Very well, colonel." Adjutant Clover received the order just as he would have received an order to appoint a substitute captain for the recruits or any trivial thing of that sort, and he turned to his desk as the colonel went out.

There are those who think an adjutant has nothing else to do save listen to 37 bugle calls a day and look his best from reveille to taps. It is a mistake. He has a thousand and one things to do. He oversees guard mount. He selects the colonel's orderly. He writes letters and signs papers, and now Adjutant Caldwell Clover of Troop X is asked to write a proposal for his colonel to Agnes Lacey.

When Captain Lester went east and returned with a golden haired young wife, Lieutenant Clover danced with the bride as the reception given them.

"I am sure I shall not be lonely here," she said to him. "I find it all so new and interesting, and then in the summer my sister is coming to me."

They were promouncing then, and she looked up at the six feet of handsome manhood beside her and said: "You will like my sister. She is not at all like me. She is almost as tall as you are and independent and brave."

And from that night Lieutenant Clover looked forward to the coming of Captain Lester's fair sister-in-law.

Allice Lacey reached the post in July. Mrs. Lester had been waiting for the coach, and when it appeared on the brow of the hill Lieutenant Clover handed her a pair of fieldglasses, and when at last the rumble of the wheels was heard they walked together across the parade, and it was Lieutenant Clover's hand that opened the stage door and then reached up to help the girl alight.

When he took off his cap to her and then escorted herself and sister to the captain's quarters, Agnes Lacey felt that all her sister had written about the courteous young officers of the post must be true.

The summer was a quiet one at the post. There were a few dances, some rides over the prairie, a picnic or two and long, quiet hours on the verandas, and then one day there came news of Captain Lester's transfer to another post. It was on the day before the one set for his departure that the colonel gave his adjutant his peculiar order.

When the colonel had gone, Lieutenant Clover leaned back in his chair and clasped his hands behind his head. He was to propose to Agnes Lacey for the colonel. He thought over all the hours he had spent with Agnes, and his face grew tender and his lips quivered a little as he remembered that tomorrow she was going away, then he said to himself: "What's the use of my feeling like a dog in the manger? She wouldn't marry me. She'll never think of me again after she leaves here."

He took up his pen, then hesitated as he dipped it in the ink. "My, but it will be lone-

some when she is gone." Then he went on writing, and when the letter was finished he forgot and signed his own name instead of the colonel's, and then laughed as he saw his mistake. He had to write the letter all over again then. This time he signed the colonel's name and called the orderly and sent him to Miss Lacey with the letter. And when it was done he walked up and down the room, and all that evening he felt like a caged lion. What would her answer be? Had the colonel received it? Once or twice he took up his cap to walk down past the captain's quarters, then he threw it down again. Of course she would accept. Yes, but after all, would she?

The stage left in the early morning. Lieutenant Clover noted the stir of departure about the captain's quarters. Then he saw the captain and Mrs. Lester appear, and he ran out to speak with them, but he was not there. A flush dashed up to his face. Had she really refused the offer? If so, why? There was no time for explanations. She came out ready for her journey. She gave him her hand, and her eyes looked level into his.

"I shall never forget how much you did to make my stay pleasant," she said. "I hope I shall meet you again, Lieutenant Clover."

The driver's whip circled out over the heads of the forward mules, she waved her hand to him, and Lieutenant Caldwell Clover was standing alone with an aching heart with nothing in the world to do but listen to 37 bugle calls a day and follow the dreary routine of an adjutant's life.

Then there came a time when the country called for troops. "Boots and Saddles!" quickly followed, and Troop X started for the south.

Army headquarters at Tampa was speeding with officers. Orderlies were thronged everywhere. Spurs jingled across the floor, and the few army wives who followed their husbands walked up and down the rose trellis paths in the evening and talked of what the morning might bring. Lieutenant Caldwell Clover was still adjutant to the colonel. A telegram was handed to the colonel. The colonel frowned, pulled his mustache, then said: "Lieutenant, I have a telegram from a friend now at Chickamauga. His sister arrives at this hotel tonight to join the Red Cross forces at Key West. Please meet her and see that she gets her train for Port Tampa in the morning."

The lieutenant saluted. When the Pullman car backed into the spacious hotel ground that night, a few officers, a newspaper man or two and one woman alighted. As she stepped forward the waiting adjutant was startled at first, then hurried toward her.

"Miss Lacey! You here?"  
"Ah, Lieutenant Clover! How glad I am to see you again! It is good to see a face one knows. I felt rather lonely, for there wasn't another woman on the car all day."

"I was to look out for a nurse," said the lieutenant, glancing around, "but it seems she didn't come."

The girl stepped into the broader light. "Oh, then you didn't know," she said and pointed to her sleeve. An insignia honored the world over was sewed there—the Red Cross.

"Is it possible?" It seemed to him that nothing but interjections came into his mouth. "You are really going to the front?"

"Going to the front," she repeated, with a smile in his face. "I shall probably meet you there." She said it as though it would be a pleasure. They were crossing the wide veranda. Vladimir Purishoff's orchestra was playing "The Serenade."

"You will come for me by and by and bring me to hear the music," she said. "It will seem like old times when we danced to the music of the regimental band."

"Were you lonely after I left the post?" she asked. No one but a woman could have asked such a question.

"I never before knew what loneliness was," he said. "I wonder if you would forgive me if I told you just how lonely I was—but, no." For a moment he thought only of his love for her. Then he remembered that she had refused the flower of the army, that she had a mission in life.

"Tell me," she said softly.

A man may spend the best of his life in the dreary confines of an army post two days' journey from a railway station. He may listen to 37 bugle calls a day and attend to an adjutant's thousand and one duties for years, but the blossoms of his heart may remain eternally fresh and fragrant.

There were tears in the girl's eyes when he finished his story. "I am glad," she said as she put her hand in his. "I thought you would tell me before I left the post. I should have said."

"And now, Agnes—now?"  
"After the war," she said.

So you, who pray for the safety of those who go into battle and for blessings upon those who wear the Red Cross, remember these two—country first, self after and then, with his will, long life and happiness—Katharine Hartman in Buffalo News.

**Democrats and Whiskies.**  
The Chambersburg (Penn.) Valley Spirit recalls the fact that it was at the Grand House, Philadelphia, that Judge Black first uttered the story which has since wound its way in and out of the highways and byways, near and remote, about Democrats and whiskies. It was on a Philadelphia hot night. The air was still and stifling. A friend of the judge walked up to him mopping his brow and expressed his surprise that the judge was not at Cape May sniffling salt breezes. The judge assured his visitor that such weather was of incalculable benefit to humanity.

"Why?"  
"Well, you see, if we didn't have hot weather we wouldn't have corn; if we didn't have corn, we wouldn't have whisky, and if we didn't have whisky we wouldn't have Democrats!"

**Intellectual Loves.**  
They met beside the murmuring sea. As men and maids have met before: They got acquainted, he and she, and stroiled upon the sandy shore. They tossed white pebbles the deep. They passed the merry throngs at play: They watched the seagulls' graceful sweep. And saw the liners sail away. But words of love they uttered not. For they were Boston bred, and so they talked a lot of lisp and wit. And missed the joy that lovers know.



If every woman who expects to become a mother would read and read that great book, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," by Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., there would be stronger mothers and healthier, happier children in this world.

In this grand volume several hundred of its thousand pages are devoted to teaching women how to take care of themselves during every trying and critical period of their lives and especially at the time of approaching motherhood.

The author of this remarkable work has had a lifetime of practical experience in treating the special diseases and weaknesses of women, and is recognized as one of the foremost of living experts in this particular field of practice. His "Favorite Prescription" is the most wonderful medicine ever invented to restore natural organic strength and power to the delicate feminine structure which is most intimately concerned in motherhood.

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Mrs. Mabel Jordan, of Swiford, Lewis Co., Washington, writes: "I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription until the very last day. We now have a fine, plump little girl over two weeks old. I suffered less pain than with any of the others, this being the sixth child, and she has good health. I got up on the tenth day and dressed myself—something I could not do with the other babies. Have been gaining in strength every day and feel well. All due to and to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

For the "Medical Adviser," send 21 one-cent stamps, to cover cost of mailing only, or for cloth-covered copy at stamps, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

**HOSITILITIES AVERTED.**

War Talk Makes Trouble Between Two Old Sea Dogs.

"One of the liveliest brushes I have witnessed since the opening of hostilities," said one of the representatives at the recent meeting of the credit men, "took place in a quiet New England village of my state. Both participants had passed their threescore years and body, and were especially vigorous in language, for both had been followers of the sea."

"One of these old fellows espoused the cause of Spain, declaring that she had been jumped on because she was little and that this country was playing the part of a great big bully. After they had exchanged hot shots for a few minutes the champion of the government got things to going his way by shouting that the other fellow came honestly by his principles and was bred a traitor."

"What do you mean, you old shrimp?" said the advocate of Spain.

"During the war with Great Britain the British entered the harbor and burned the town of New London, didn't they?"

"Course they did. What of it?"

"Why, somebody piloted 'em there and when he come home his pockets was full of British gold, paid for his dirty work, and his neighbors, hearing of what he had done, got ropes and made him an evenin' call. He sussed by the back door and never stopped till he got to Bermuda, and he never had the cheek to come back."

"What you tryin' to git at?"

"That there pilot was your grandpappy, and it took a dozen bystanders to keep the two old sea dogs from clinching."—Detroit Free Press.

**Why He Knew It.**  
A certain English theatrical manager, though in other respects a thorough business man, could neither read nor write, but kept a private secretary, who had strict injunctions not to betray the secret. One day the manager was dining at the hotel when a gold watch was raffled for. Each of the guests staked 2 shillings, wrote his name on a scrap of paper, and threw it into a hat. Our manager, when his turn came to sign his name, pretended to write, rolled up the blank piece of paper and threw it into the hat along with the rest. As chance would have it, this very paper was drawn. Great was the astonishment when it was found to be blank. But B—, the low comedian, who was present, asked to have it shown to him, and when he had examined it carefully, he gravely exclaimed: "That is our manager's handwriting. I should know it among a thousand!"—Nuggets.

**Missed After All.**  
The Spanish gunner got himself within the barn, shut the door and bolted it.

Putting his rifle to his shoulder, he took careful aim, and, shutting his eyes, fired.

"Ha," said he, "who said I could not hit the side of a barn?"

But when he went to look for the mark of the bullet he found that he had fired through a knot hole.

"Caramba!" he muttered.—Indianaapolis Journal.

**Condolences.**  
Member of the Firm—James!  
Office Boy—Yes, sir.

Member of the Firm—James, I am very glad to learn, upon investigation, that your grandmother is really dead, and that you are therefore not lying to me in order to go to the baseball game this afternoon.—Detroit Journal.

**Missed the Denial.**  
"H'm!" said the man who had bought an extra. "I must have missed an issue."

"Er—why?" asked the man who was looking over his shoulder.

"It confirms the news in the extra I bought awhile ago instead of denying it."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**Wise In His Generation.**  
A great many years ago, when I was a little girl," began Miss Candida.

"You mean a number of months ago, don't you?" said Softly.

It was no wonder she said Mr. Softly was exceedingly nice when somebody else called him stupid.—Tit-Bits.

**Commencement.**  
"Why do they call it commencement when folks get through going to school? It seems to me that's a misnomer."

"Oh, no. They just commence to realize, after they get through, what a soft soap they've been having."—Chicago News.

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**EAST BOUND**  
No. 40.  
10:00 a. m. .... Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. .... 6:55 p. m.  
12:25 p. m. .... Lv. Espanola, N. M. .... 4:35 p. m.  
1:10 p. m. .... Lv. Embudo, N. M. .... 3:25 p. m.  
1:55 p. m. .... Lv. Harbudo, N. M. .... 2:45 p. m.  
2:27 p. m. .... Lv. Tres Piedras, N. M. .... 1:15 p. m.  
5:25 p. m. .... Lv. Antonito, N. M. .... 11:40 a. m.  
5:50 p. m. .... Lv. Alamosa, N. M. .... 10:30 a. m.  
10:30 p. m. .... Lv. Salida, N. M. .... 8:50 a. m.  
1:50 a. m. .... Lv. Florence, N. M. .... 4:30 a. m.  
3:10 a. m. .... Lv. Pueblo, N. M. .... 3:40 a. m.  
4:40 a. m. .... Lv. Colo. Spgs. N. M. .... 1:52 a. m.  
7:30 a. m. .... Ar. Denver, N. M. .... 10:00 p. m.

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